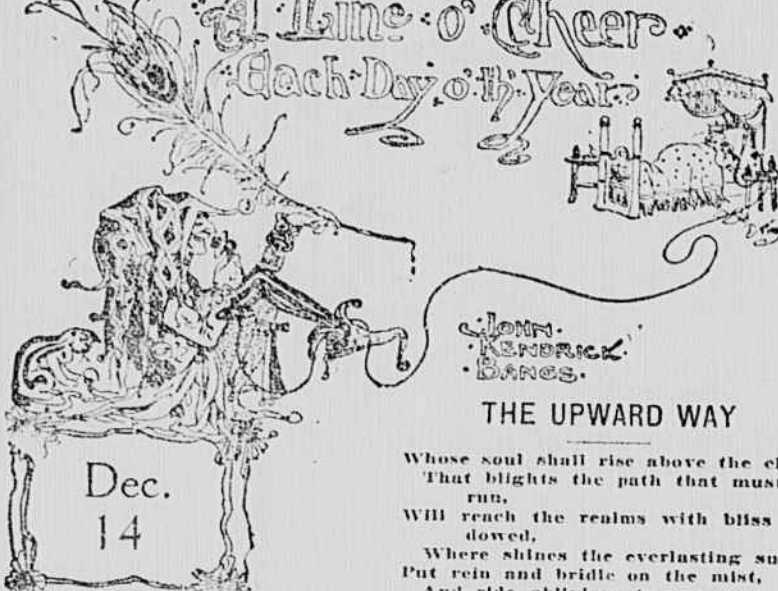


# Of Interest to Every Woman

Edited by Martha Westover

## A Line of Cheer

Each Day of the Year



Dec. 14

Whose soul shall rise above the cloud  
That blights the path that must be  
run.  
Will reach the realms with bliss en-  
dowed.  
Where shines the everlasting sun.  
Put rein and bridle on the mist,  
And ride oblivious to care,  
And on the upward way persist.  
The light is surely waiting there.

## MENU

Stewed Peas, Salt Mackerel, Hominy  
Wanna Hells, Coffee

**Lunch.**  
Cream Potato Soup, Breaded Veal Chop  
Potatoes, Cabbage, Tea

**Dinner.**  
Mockturtle Soup (from Lamb Bones)  
Creamed Carrots, French Fried Potatoes  
Apple Pie, Coffee

**Cream Potato Soup.**  
Stew potatoes in a little salted water as usual, about two cups full of sliced potatoes, a state of celery cut small and a tablespoonful of chopped onion. When quite tender, press through a sieve and add to the sauce a bit of butter, a little white pepper, a teaspoonful of minced parsley, salt, pepper, and a dash of cream. Boil for five minutes, and serve with toasted cracker.

## Women Who Win in Trade

Miss Mary Paul Specks, Mail Order Manager.  
By Isabel Stephen.

"Come day, go day, the good Lord bring pay day." This is the slogan of the average business girl, according to Miss Mary Paul Specks, manager of one of the largest mail order businesses in the country.

Although only twenty-eight years of age, Miss Specks is head of a force of over seventy workers, and her ability is known in the advertising world from North to South of the country. She is not at all overburdened by her great responsibilities, nor is she overcome with awe at the wonder of her achievements. She is simply a charming girl with an amazingly clear head, and she is not at all liable to run away with her.

"There is one thing which I have always regretted," said Miss Mary Paul Specks, when speaking of her career, and that is my lack of education. I was born in New Orleans, where my father was city editor of the Picayune before the war. When I was two years old, my father died, and I was left with my mother, who was a widow. I studied under her until I was thirteen years of age. For one year, I attended the High School, and then my father died. He left me without any means whatever, and I was obliged to go to work.

"I did not choose the mail order business. It was a chance that a friend of my father was in need of an office boy, and I got the job. I passed in advertising, and I was a general utility man. My opportunity came just by chance four years later. The advertising manager of the office at that time was in need of the services of a girl, and I was offered a position. I was a combination of mail order and advertising. This lady left in a hurry one day, and the office was a mess. I was the only one left, and I was in charge of the office until he went to New York to secure a new manager. He went off saying, 'I suppose that I would not mind running a business before he accomplished his errand.'

"I had never written a line of copy in my life, but I am always ready to take a chance when an opportunity is offered me. I carefully studied the best advertisements in the New York papers and closely followed them as a model. I can very easily recall that first advertisement. I was offering a sale of carpets and curtains, and I found the same words over and over again. Where they described their goods as charming, I described ours as beautiful; where they used the adjective lovely, I employed the adjective lovely. I was a great success, and well it might be, for was not the foundation of it laid in New York by some master of the business who was probably getting fifteen a year for writing such copy? It was the only way out of my difficulty, so I took it. My employer was surprised, to say the least, and made me a manager.

"My father was secretary to a railroad official, and her work took her to Birmingham, Ala. I got a position there and followed her. Later on she was sent to Washington, D. C., and I went with her. Three years after I had arrived in that city I got a rooming house. I have not much to say for people who say that they can't get work. Although I have never had any difficulty in finding good positions in my own line of work, I would argue with you before I would whine to my friends or to strangers about my inability to find work.

"It was not easy for me to get up in the mornings and get out to an office when I started in first. Like all southerners, I naturally liked my bed in the mornings. So I used to be lulled to sleep by the sound of the covers being extra good. I used to say:

"Mary Paul Specks, get up! Don't you know that you have to have shelter and clothes and food, and if you are going to be there nobody else is going to get them for you!"

"It was the best argument in the world and I would drag my poor weary little body off to the office. I often hear women talking about what they have given up for their careers—beautiful homes, beautiful children, kind husbands, automobiles, all the pleasures of life. I gave up starvation and

## GOOD THINGS MADE WITH TAPIOCA AS A FOUNDATION

Tapioca could be advantageously much more widely used than it is. It is inexpensive, nourishing and capable of being turned into dainty and tempting desserts without much trouble. It can be substituted for gelatin in many cases, and as it lacks the slight objectionable flavor and odor of gelatin, it ought to have many of the uses of this use. In blanc-manges and other semisolid desserts where gelatin is ordinarily used it is satisfactory. In a stiff jelly, of course, it cannot be used. It can be dissolved and used in sherbets. It adds a pleasant smoothness to soup if it is gently simmered until it is dissolved in the soup.

Here is a dessert that utilizes a winter stand-by—the banana—in combination with tapioca. It is a sponge. To make it, peel and slice half a dozen ripe bananas and cook them for ten minutes with half a cupful of water and two ounces of granulated sugar. Then add the juice of half a lemon and put the mixture through a fine sieve. In the meantime, boil two ounces of tapioca in a pint of milk for about half an hour—until the tapioca is soft and transparent. Add sugar to taste and mix with the banana pulp. Then fold in the beaten whites of two eggs and beat until the mixture is nearly cold. When it is cold pile it high in long-stemmed glasses and serve. Whipped cream can be added to make this a richer dessert.

For tapioca cream pudding mix a pint of milk, a quarter of a cupful of sugar, a tablespoonful of butter, two ounces of tapioca—about four tablespoonfuls—the grated rind of a lemon, and a pinch of salt. Cook in a double boiler for twenty-five minutes. Remove from the fire and add two beaten egg yolks and then two beaten whites. Pour into a buttered dish and stand for an hour. Serve with cold custard sauce.

Tapioca can be combined with fruit of almost any sort—either fresh or canned fruit. Combine it in this way: Soak a cupful of tapioca in twice as much cold water until the water is all absorbed. Boil it in a double boiler until the tapioca is transparent. If necessary, add more water. Then add half a cupful of sugar and a cupful of fruit—canned peaches cut in small pieces, canned pineapple, canned berries, drained free from most of their juice, or oranges cut in dice and sweetened a little. Then add two or three well-beaten whites; turn into a mold and serve cold with cream or custard.

Tapioca snow is a dessert that children revel in. For a moderate sized bowlful of it, soak an ounce of tapioca in a cupful of milk for an hour, and then cook it slowly in a double boiler, with the rind of half a lemon. When it is soft, after about half an hour's cooking, remove the lemon and add the yolk of an egg and sugar to sweeten. When the sugar is dissolved turn the mixture into a glass or other serving dish. Dot the top with whipped cream. Dish. Dot the top with whipped cream. Dish. Dot the top with whipped cream.

For the sick child there is the dolly nurse and the amusing bottle being, whose character alters as his (or her) head is changed by putting a new cork in the bottle, for each cork has a funny face upon it.

For the Wee One.

Alphabet of Tiny Tots.

Alphabet of Tiny Tots.

Alphabet of Tiny Tots.

Alphabet of Tiny Tots.

Alphabet of Tiny Tots.

Alphabet of Tiny Tots.

Alphabet of Tiny Tots.

Alphabet of Tiny Tots.

Alphabet of Tiny Tots.

Alphabet of Tiny Tots.

Alphabet of Tiny Tots.

## THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND

By GEORGE BARR MCUTCHEON.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Charles Randall is found dead in a road-house. His widow, accidentally meeting the dead body, who had accompanied him to the inn the night before, offers to bury him. The two women return from a long trip, and Leslie, the dead body's sister, is found. Mrs. Randall, the dead body's mother, is found. Mrs. Randall, the dead body's mother, is found.

Her face. A gilded birdcage hung suspended in the air. Without a word, she threw open the window screen. The gray little canary in the gilded cage looked at her and watched her with alert eyes. Then she reached up and carefully removed the cage from its fastenings, putting it down upon the window sill, she opened the tiny door. The bird hopped about his prison in a state of great excitement.

At last a yellow streak shot out through the open door, and an instant later resolved itself into the bobbing, fluttering dicky-bird that had lived in a cage all its life without an hour of freedom. For a few seconds it circled over the tree-tops and then alighted on one of the branches. One might well have imagined that he could hear his tiny heart beating with terror. Its head jerked from side to side in wild perturbation. Taking courage, Master Dicky hopped timorously to a nearby twig, and then ventured a dash to a tree-top nearer the window casement. For a moment its topmost branches he cheered shrilly, as if there was fear in his little breast.

In silence the two women in the window watched the agitated movements of the bird. The same thought was in the mind of each, the same question, the same intense wish.

A brown thrush sped through the air, close by the timid canary. Like a flash it dropped to the twigs lower down, its wings palpitating in violent thrash.

"Pleasant," called Sara Randall, and then cheered her own bird with a shout. A moment later Dicky was uttering about the eaves, his circles grew smaller, his winging less rhythmic, till at last with a nervous little flutter he perched on the top of the window shutter, so near that they might have reached to his with their hands. He sat there with his head cocked to one side.

"Pleasant," called Sara again. This time she held out her finger. For some time she regarded it with indifference, not to say disfavor. Then he took one more flight, but much shorter than the last, and alighted on the shutter-top again. He hopped down and then up, and then he gripped Sara's finger with an earnestness that left no room for doubt.

She lowered her hand until it was even with the open door of the gilded cage. He came in, with a whirr that suggested a scolding. With his wings folded, he sat on his little perch and peeped. She closed and fastened the door, and then turned to Hetty.

"My symbol," she said softly. There were tears in Hetty's eyes.

Leslie did not turn up at his father's place in the High Street that night until both were safely out of the way. He spent a dismal evening at the boat club.

His father and mother were in the library when he came in at half-past ten. He had witnessed the early departure. Vivian had gone down to the gate in the low-lying hedge with her visitor. She came in a moment after Leslie's entrance.

"Hello, Les," she said, bending an inquiring eye upon him. "Isn't this early for you?"

Her brother was standing near the fireplace.

"There's a heavy dew falling, Mater," he said gruffly. "Shan't I touch a match to the kindling?"

His mother came over to him quickly, and laid her hands on his arm. "Your coat is all wet," she said anxiously. "Yes, I'm late this time."

"It's very warm in this room," said Mr. Randall, looking up from his book. "They were always doing something like this, Leslie, weren't they?"

No one seemed to notice him. Leslie knelt and struck a match. "Well," said Vivian. "Well what?" he demanded without looking up.

His sister took a moment for thought. "Is Hetty coming to stay with us in July?"

He stood erect, first rubbing his knee to dislodge the dust, then his palms. "No, she isn't coming," he said. He drew a very long breath—the first in several hours—and then expelled it vocally. "She has refused to marry me."

Mr. Randall turned a leaf in his book; it sounded like the crack of doom, so still had the room become.

Vivian had the forethought to push a chair toward her mother. It was a most timely act on her part, for Mrs. Randall sat down very abruptly and very limply.

"She—what?" gasped Leslie's mother.

"Turned me down—cold," said Leslie briefly.

Mr. Randall laid his book on the table without thinking to put the bookmark in place. Then he arose and removed his glasses, fumbling for the case.

"She—she—what?" he demanded. "Sacked me," replied his son.

"Please do not jest with me, Leslie," said his mother, trying to smile.

"Life isn't joking, mother," said Vivian, with a shrug of her fine shoulders. "He—must be," cried Mrs. Randall impatiently. "What did she really say, Leslie?"

"The only thing I remember was 'good-bye,'" said he, and then blew his nose violently.

"Poor old Les!" said Vivian, with real feeling.

"It was Sara Gooch's doing!" exclaimed Mrs. Randall, getting her breath at last.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Randall, picking up his book once more and turning to the place where the bookmark lay, after which he proceeded to reread four or five pages before discovering his error.

No one spoke for a matter of five minutes or so. Then Mrs. Randall got up, went over to the library table and closed with a snap the bulky blue book with the limp leather cover, saying as she held it up to let him see that it was the privately printed history of the Shugartoy family.

"It came by post this evening from London. She is merely a fourth cousin, my son."

He looked up with a gleam of interest in his eye.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)